

lay your hands on me

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Summary

And look, Samira might tend towards being oblivious, but you can really only get stared at by Jack Abbot for so long before you realize he wants to do more than just give you the opportunity to put a few tubes into someone's chest.

Notes

this took me ages but it's Finally done and dusted. hope y'all like :]

btw this isn't edited so just ignore any typos, thank you

title from if u think im pretty by artemas because it fucks, thats why

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

This is a horrible idea.

One of the worst ideas Samira has ever participated in in her entire life.

And look, Samira might tend towards being oblivious, but you can really only get stared at by Jack Abbot for so long before you realize he wants to do more than just give you the opportunity to put a few tubes into someone's chest.

So, Samira knew this would happen. She knew that all that tension would boil over at some point— it had to.

But she didn't anticipate said boiling-over to be quite as ill-advised as it turns out to be and she definitely didn't anticipate that *she* would be the tipping point.

They're at a bar, celebrating Jesse's birthday even though technically it was last week. But scheduling is not made easier by twelve-hour shifts, so here they are, a week late, packed like sardines into a corner of a bar just two blocks away from the hospital. Inventive? Perhaps not, but the bartenders here know them and that creates an atmosphere that is comfortable in its familiarity.

It's a Friday evening and Samira had the day off, so she's one of the people not wearing scrubs. Instead, she's wearing a dark blue floral dress that looks almost purple in the low light. It's her first time wearing it because she picked it up during a shopping spree back in February, which is not the right time of year for dresses in general and definitely not for a dress that barely reaches her mid-thigh.

But because tonight is turning out to be a beautiful early summer night, she decided it was as good an event as any to wear it to for the first time. If the fact that she knew Jack would be here had anything to do with her outfit choice, then that's between her and Jack. At least if he ever finds it in himself to actually *do* something about the tension that always crackles between them.

It's not the first time they're at a bar together—not even the first time they're at this specific bar together—but it is the first time they're at a bar together since Jack told her to call him, well, Jack.

She's still not quite sure what had been the tipping point for him—there had been a lot going on considering the hypoxic and vaguely blue patient whose lungs had witnessed Jack's offer due to his open

chest cavity. Although, maybe offer isn't quite the right word. He'd given her one of his succinct but always genuine compliments, a gruff "Good catch, Dr. Mohan," that never failed to settle happy and warm in her own chest.

She'd answered with a just as genuine "Thank you, Dr. Abbot," and he'd shot back, "Jack, please."

Samira didn't miss the slight pause that followed his words, like he hadn't planned to say them, or the careful, subtly searching look he gave the nurses in the trauma bay with them. But then he'd relaxed, nodded more at himself than her or anyone else, and told her she could take over.

The nurses didn't blink an eye at *that* — if Dr. Mohan ended up in a trauma bay with Dr. Abbot, she'd inevitably take over at some point. It was common knowledge.

(Samira always took over a little earlier than the last time, like Jack was easing her into taking the lead, decreasing his support bit by bit.)

So, when Samira, sitting wedged next to Mel and Donahue, notices Jack shouldering his way through the door and into the bar fashionably late, she knows what the first thing she'll say to him will be.

She's glad for the certainty the newly-allowed use of his given name affords her, because as soon as her mind processes what she's seeing, any and all concept of speech abruptly deserts her.

Samira has seen him in civvies before, but in passing, definitely not like this.

He's wearing a band shirt, ZZ Top logo faded with age, and the way the short gray sleeves cling to his biceps should be fucking illegal. Lowering her gaze doesn't help, because Samira knows Jack is strong, has seen the ease with which he lifts patients, but being confronted with what exactly his thighs look like in well-fitting, dark jeans instead of the comfortable and practical cargo pants he prefers at work is something else entirely.

Samira swallows.

She barely has the time to lower the intensity of her gaze into something that doesn't fall squarely into the ogling category before he's standing in front of her, having made his way over after greeting

the group at large and congratulating Jesse with a broad hand clasped onto his shoulder and an easy grin.

Mel smiles and waves, that gentle smile of hers that's so easy to adore on her face. "Hello, Dr. Abbot," she says.

"Hello, Mel," Jack says. People sometimes don't know what to do about how expressive Mel's enthusiasm is, but Jack doesn't even blink. Samira can't help the fondness that slides through her at Jack's easy acceptance. He's just good, fundamentally so.

Donahue just sends him a nod and an accompanying "Hey, man," which Jack responds to in kind.

And then his attention inevitably wanders to her.

"Hi, Jack," she says with a smile that's hopefully not as dopey as she feels on her face.

Jack smiles back, crow's feet growing more pronounced. Horribly charming. "Dr. Mohan—"

"—Samira," she cuts in immediately.

He hesitates. Just a small pause, but Samira notices and decides to do something about it. Somewhat selfishly, perhaps, because she, admittedly, really wants to hear her name fall from his lips.

"How do you expect me to call you Jack if you don't call me Samira?" Her voice is lower than she thinks it should be.

Jack tips his head at her. "Fair enough," he allows. "Samira then—"

She nods through the zing that chases through her body at hearing and seeing her name on his lips.

"—That thing good?" He motions to her drink, almost empty, bright red umbrella discarded next to the glass.

Samira raises her hand, tilts it this way then that. "Could be worse," she settles on.

"But could be better, too, I take it?"

"Yes," she admits with a chuckle. She lowers her voice and adds, conspiratorially, "But don't tell Heather I said that."

Jack raises his hands, faux-serious expression on his face. "I would never."

She nods at him, firm. "Good." Then she adds, "I'm on nights next week."

"I know," he says and Samira's heart skips a beat. He had to have looked up her schedule to know that. Jack laughs, then, a quiet sound somewhere between a huff and a chuckle, like something just occurred to him. At her questioning look he says, "Robby will be furious."

She tilts her head at him. "Why?"

Jack shrugs, still smiling. "His best resident seems to be getting poached by night shift."

Samira smiles back, and something like pride rushes through her. Jack's praise, she has come to find, does not lessen in frequency, intensity, or—most importantly—effect. Not at all.

He's right, too. She's been working a lot more nights than ever before. She won't lie and say that it had nothing to do with the man standing in front of her. Initially, at least, because by now she's grown fond of working nights. Mostly. She could do without the hassle of trying to buy breakfast before she starts her shift at 7pm.

But there's something very calming about the Pitt being one of the only buildings with its lights on; everyone asleep except for a small spot of brightness among the quiet city sea of Pittsburgh.

The pride in her slowly bleeds into something else, something warmer, as she realizes that Jack still hasn't looked away. His gaze is on her, as warm and even as always. And while brown eyes haven't strayed once, that's not to say they aren't moving at all—because they are. They're roaming over her, taking in not only the minute twitch at the corners of her mouth or the slant of her brows, but her whole body.

"Well," Samira says, feeling pinned. She has never liked being watched—scared of being found wanting—but Jack does it in a way that sends a thrill through her, his focus somehow both dangerous and entirely safe at once. "Robby is going to have to cope with it somehow."

Jack hums, amused, and nods his head in agreement. "His loss," he

says and adds, “My gain.” His eyes are dark and not just from how dimly lit this bar is. Samira thinks they might be flirting. It feels improbable, even though she knows it's not. Not with the way he watches her.

It's maybe not the ideal situation for it, though, considering how she's still sitting next to Mel and Donahue. She didn't even notice until now, too focused on Jack. But they're locked in conversation with Trinity and Dennis, respectively, so Samira decides to return to that comfortable place where all she's really processing is Jack. She didn't come here to overthink and worry; she came to socialize and have fun.

They fall into easy conversation about a case study Jack found last week and thought she'd be interested in. He was right, of course.

“I've got it printed out,” Jack says. “We could go over it together if the shift is calm.”

Samira widens her eyes at him. “Now you've jinxed it,” she says very seriously.

Jack just huffs a laugh, rolling his eyes.

But then, as his gaze returns to her, considering her carefully, his expression sober. “I don't think you mind,” he says at length, gaze piercing.

Samira halts because he's right about this, too.

There's a mutual understanding that thrums to life between them that, while what happens to make the Pitt a necessity is horrible—often the worst humanity has to offer—it also allows them to be in their element. They're the same, she and him. In this way, at least.

Samira, letting Jack's words echo in her mind, comes to the startling realization that Jack *knows* her. Like, really knows her. Not just parts of her. Not just what coffee shop she prefers, because they make her favorite matcha in a way no one else can, or how she desperately wants to have a cat one day when she has time for it after residency.

No, Samira realizes with startling clarity, he doesn't only know that—he knows the whole of her and who she is. It's dizzying and Samira is not surprised in the least to find that it's a good kind of dizziness. A headrush, almost.

She's still very far away when Donahue nudges her shoulder to get her

attention, motioning for her to get up.

“Shit, sorry,” she says, quickly standing up and almost toppling over her half-empty glass. How long exactly was he trying to get her attention while she was preoccupied with staring at and thinking about Jack?

Donahue snorts, “All good,” then says goodbye to them for the moment, because he has to go bother Perlah and Princess about their mutual friend they’ve been trying to set him up with. He explains all this in one long ramble and Samira finds herself staring at Jack with raised eyebrows in the wake of Donahue’s departure.

She snorts at the look on Jack’s face, just as bewildered as she feels. “What was that?”

Jack shakes his head, grin exasperated in an amused kind of way. “Young love,” he finally says with a solemn sigh.

“You can’t say that,” Samira laughs and slides back into the booth next to Mel, who is already back in deep conversation with Trinity and Dennis, although it looks like Trinity is doing all the talking.

Samira realizes she miscalculated horribly not a second later.

Because Jack takes the opportunity presented to him and slides in next to her with an amused “Why?”

He’s suddenly *right there*, and even though they’re not touching his presence is solid and the warmth he gives off makes Samira very aware of the fact that they *could* be touching if they moved just a tiny bit.

But she sits there, frozen, until Jack’s gaze starts to take on a questioning air. Right, she was supposed to answer a question.

“It makes you sound ancient,” is what she brings out and she’s proud of how playful, instead of squeaky, her voice sounds.

Jack’s smile is broad and sits so comfortably on his face that Samira knows immediately what’s coming. He always gets that look when he’s about to say something profoundly unfunny that Samira can’t help but be a tiny bit fond of. “I *am* ancient.”

She rolls her eyes. “No, you’re not.”

“What? You think I'm young?” He asks, voice teasing and eyes bright.

“I wouldn't go that far,” Samira shoots back with a smile.

Jack laughs and, fuck, they're definitely flirting.

Samira attempts a last-ditch effort to remind herself of why this is a horrible idea. She's a resident, he's an attending—sometimes *her* attending. She's thirty-one years old and he is... decidedly not thirty-one. She should be focusing on her residency, not on how desperately she wants to wrap her hands around his biceps and feel for herself just how strong he is. And maybe bite.

It doesn't work to convince her to stop this, to smother whatever this is growing into while it can still be swept under the rug, because beyond all the reasons why this is a bad, bad idea, there is a not-insignificant amount of reasons why this is actually a really good idea.

His hair, for one. It's great, really great. She wants to touch it. And his arms, but she feels like she might be getting a bit repetitive here.

Beyond his looks, there is one very simple fact that renders pretty much all of the reasons they *shouldn't* null and void: Jack respects her.

He's her attending sometimes, so what? Samira is confident that Jack would never let anything that might or might not happen between them complicate their work relationship or her career.

He's older than her, so what? Samira is a grown woman, for Christ's sake, and she has always been firm about what she wants and never prone to abruptly changing her mind. She doesn't think there will ever be a day when she *doesn't* want to explore the possibility that snaps to life when he steps into a room she's in.

She should be focusing on her residency, true, but why would getting involved with Jack—*Dr.* Jack Abbot—jeopardize that? He has only ever made her trust herself more, made her more ambitious when it comes to her work. Every time they work together and he inevitably hands his patient over to her, she's learning. She's become a better doctor since PittFest; she's faster because she trusts her gut and because a lot of the procedures she's confronted with, she has already successfully carried out with Jack's warm presence next to her.

His guidance helps in technical matters, of course, but Samira realized somewhere along the way that it isn't *Jack* who is making her a better doctor. It's all her; Jack is just the one giving her the push she needs

to get the opportunity to stretch her wings and actually fly.

In the end, for Samira, there's no compelling reason not to do this, whatever *this* might turn out to be.

She decides to throw caution to the wind, because, fuck it, if Jack isn't going to make a move, it has to be her. He's letting her lead—as usual.

So she does.

She starts slowly and very carefully, like she's trying not to spook a scared animal.

She shifts and softly nudges her right foot against Jack's left one. It could have been accidental if not for the fact that she leaves it there, very consciously keeping the point of contact between them alive.

Jack freezes, mouth slightly open, shaped around whatever he was going to say.

Samira holds her breath, anticipation tightening her chest. This is a gamble and having to wait the few seconds it takes to find out if it will pay off or not almost kills her.

It pays off, because in the next second Jack relaxes. He doesn't press back, exactly, but he does shift his weight with his next exhale and suddenly their legs are touching just a tad more.

They're still touching when they get roped into the conversation that's happening at their table.

Samira, frankly, has no idea how she manages to act like she's mentally present, because she doesn't process a single thing about the conversation. In fact, she doesn't process a single thing other than the fact that she and Jack are still touching.

But she doesn't really have to, because this was her goal, even if she wildly underestimated how much an innocent touch would affect her if it came from Jack.

The only thing she can really do is make sure that Jack is right there with her, so the next time there's a lull in conversation, she shifts, ostensibly to pick up the laminated menu that's lying on the table. When she sits back down, menu in her hands, she slowly settles the length of her leg against Jack's until they're pressed together from foot to hip.

His thighs are way too fucking nice, she thinks somewhat desperately as something buzzes low in her stomach. It's honestly not fair.

But Jack isn't entirely unaffected either. Samira can hear the way his breath catches when her thigh makes contact with his and she allows herself a private smile that Jack probably notices. He always does.

Jack gets increasingly twitchy over the next half hour.

Robby sends him a confused glance when he comes by to ask if they need another round, clearly noticing that something is up, but Jack just waves him off, and it's a bit too quick to really be casual.

Samira wants to laugh, but she manages to fight it back. The sound, at least, because she knows there's a self-satisfied smirk on her lips.

Jack sends her a dark look and mutters something under his breath that sounds suspiciously close to “ *Brat* .”

Samira is having fun with this. Genuinely so.

It's sobering to realize that it's the first time she's felt that way about flirting in years.

Before she can truly sink into something she doesn't want to call self-pity but might have to for accuracy's sake, Donahue comes back, evidently having freed Princess and Perlah from his questions.

Jack doesn't look at her when he slowly slides closer to make space for Donahue to pack himself onto the bench again. She doesn't move, content to let the weight of him shift her until there's enough space for a fourth person to sit down. It means they're pressed together entirely now and Samira's heartbeat kicks up. She can feel his shoulder pressed to hers, warm and muscled in a way that makes a flush fight its way up to her cheeks. He makes no effort to reduce their contact, sits with his legs not exactly spread but not kept together either, and doesn't curl his shoulders into himself.

Samira can feel him breathing.

It's heavier than usual and it makes her achingly aware of how long it's been since she's been this close to another human being without them being her patient.

She reaches out with a hand, just out of view under the table, and relishes the stutter in Jack's words when she makes contact with his

thigh. It's a soft, barely there touch, but she knows Jack can feel it.

His hand shoots out and suddenly there's a broad palm wrapped around her wrist before she can fully place her palm on his leg.

She swallows, half expecting him to push her away, but he doesn't. Instead, he moves her hand back into her own lap and almost casually drops his onto her thigh.

Samira freezes for a moment, then warmth rushes through her body, and she relaxes into Jack's hold on her leg. Just like he did.

His hand is broad and heavy. Warm even through the material of her dress and it makes her very aware of the fact that a few inches more and he'd be touching the bare skin above her knee.

Samira does her best to follow the conversation, feeling vaguely annoyed that she's so easy to distract, but mostly just basking in Jack's presence and touch.

Because this goes beyond the plausible deniability that their more or less casual flirting has been resting on in the past months. No one sees Jack's hand on her thigh, but she can feel it, and that is enough to bring forth the realization that this is happening. It's actually happening.

Samira feels giddy with it, bubbly excitement rushing through her so suddenly that she has to hide a grin in the last sip of her drink. It's not like she didn't know, or at least strongly suspect, that the way Jack's voice lowers just a tad when he's praising her, the way his eyes flare when she beats her own intubation record yet again, or the way he lingers near the exit with her after a long shift means something. Something *more*.

But having confirmation in the form of Jack's hand on her thigh, just low enough to be appropriate if not for the too-proprietary way he has it wrapped halfway around her thigh, not simply resting on it, was a heady feeling. A surprisingly joyful sort of daze. There's anticipation there, yes, nervousness even, but most of all she just feels happy that she gets to have this. And maybe a tiny bit smug, because the Pitt certainly does not lack people who are beautiful both inside and out, and yet it's her whose thigh Jack is holding.

He turns to look at her then, and Samira tries not to show how much the sudden weight of his gaze does to her.

For a few seconds she's not sure why he's turned his head toward her, but then his thumb moves. It's not a big movement, just a small stroke, the pad of his thumb gliding gently over the soft material of her dress and the skin under it. Samira tries her best not to jump or freeze in place entirely, but she can feel how her eyes have widened, and Jack can clearly see it, made evident by the smug curl that flashes over the corner of his mouth.

There's something challenging in Jack's gaze, a *What are you going to do next?* that makes Samira take a deep breath, determined and ambitious as usual again.

She simply raises her eyebrows at him, trying not to break out into a grin as she waits for him to turn away from her again.

He does after another beat of his eyes roaming searchingly over her face.

And that's Samira's cue.

She carefully moves her hand to cover his. She can feel the warm skin of the back of his hand and thinks about the veins whose path she'd like to trace. When Jack doesn't freeze or pull away, she slowly pushes underneath his hand, between her thigh and him.

Then she threads her fingers through his. It's a touch that's too intimate, too fond, for this to be simple attraction and nothing more. Jack pauses for a second, then, all at once, he moves, sure in a way that makes Samira's heart soar, and suddenly they're holding hands right there, under the table. Palm to palm, fingers interlaced.

She allows herself a smile and knows Jack can see it.

A few minutes later, Robby comes by again, asking if anyone needs another round.

Samira is about to open her mouth, because by now her drink really is empty, but Jack squeezes her hand. In warning? She's not entirely sure.

But she closes her mouth again and shakes her head when Robby's eyes land on her. "I'm good, thanks," she tells him with a polite smile.

He nods, and then he's gone again.

Jack clears his throat, carefully extricating his hand from hers. Samira

does her best not to look too crestfallen, unsure if this might be Jack's way of saying *Never mind, I changed my mind*.

But then he says, "I'm going for a smoke."

Samira furrows her brows at him. "You smoke?"

"When the situation calls for it," Jack says, sending her a weighted look as he nudges Donahue to move so he can get out of the booth.

Samira looks at him, goosebumps trailing down the side of her body that had been feeding on Jack's warmth.

"When the situation— Oh."

Oh.

She nods under Jack's intent gaze, probably too enthusiastic by half considering she doesn't even know what exactly she's agreeing to. But it involves following Jack, so she doesn't mind as much as she perhaps should.

"Yes," she says, "Me too."

Jack flashes her a smile, too small for the others to catch— it's very much aimed at her and she feels a flush climb its way onto her cheeks.

Samira gets up too, ignoring Trinity's confused "What?" She's just going to have to act like she smokes from now on, she figures. Maybe she can tell everyone she quit next week.

Jack doesn't touch her again, but he does make sure she stays close as they take a new path through the bar. Evidently it leads to an exit at the back and Samira wonders how Jack knows about it. Maybe he really does smoke. She's never seen it, but, as much as she might have wanted to, she hasn't spent much time with him outside of work. Maybe that's going to change now, though. The thought makes her feel warm all over again.

As soon as they're out of sight from the others, a few steps away from the back door, Jack stops so abruptly Samira nearly walks right into him. He looks at her, tilts his head consideringly, then holds out a hand. Her gaze drops to his palm. She knows exactly what it feels like now. On her thigh and against her own hand.

Jack dips his chin, chases her gaze until he can look into her eyes,

then holds onto it.

“No pressure,” he says and his voice is scratchy like he really does smoke. “You can go back to the table, let me smoke my cig alone. Nothing would change, I can promise you that.”

She believes him. Of course she does.

“What happens if I take your hand?” she asks, taking a step closer, thrilled at how his breath audibly catches.

Jack's mouth quirks up at the corner. “Now that would be telling,” he says and now it's him who takes a step closer. His still outstretched hand is nearly close enough for his fingers to brush against her stomach.

His expression sobers in the face of her silence, something gentle taking over. “I don't have a master plan or anything,” he admits, slightly sheepishly.

Samira chuckles, her heart beating a steady but too-fast rhythm in her chest. “But?” she prompts.

“But,” Jack says, gaze dropping to her shoes, crawling up her legs, catching on the spot of her thigh where his hand had been. He meets her eyes again, then, and he sounds breathless when he says, “I've wanted to kiss you all night.”

She takes his hand.

Jack holds it almost reverently, his grip as firm and sure as his words.

“All week,” he says, when he takes a step back, then another, and tugs her with him towards the exit.

“All month,” he says when he's blindly shouldering open the door behind him.

“All year,” he says, when the door falls closed behind her.

Then he kisses her.

He's sure of this, too, and Samira sighs into it.

His lips are warm and softer than she imagined, a pleasant contrast to the bristly stubble that coats his jaw.

Samira has always been observant. More aware of her surroundings than others. But with Jack, any and all semblance of perceptiveness flees her. Kissing him is no different; in fact, it's worse.

She doesn't process the cold air, because it's Jack who sends goosebumps down her arms. She doesn't process how dark it is, the alley only just barely illuminated by a weak yellow lamp, because she closed her eyes the second Jack stepped close enough for her to smell the clean-warm scent of fresh laundry that's been worn all day. She doesn't process the fact that there's no one else out here, because it wouldn't make a difference anyway.

What could be more important than Jack's hand tangling softly in her hair, the other finding home low on her hips?

When Jack breaks the kiss, she lets him step back, like he needs the added distance to properly look at her, take all of her in.

His gaze feels heavy on her, but it's the good kind of weight. The kind that anchors you to the ground and reality, keeps you from floating away.

She can see the tension thrumming under Jack's skin as he watches her, as he takes in her flushed cheeks, her dilated pupils, and the way her chest sinks and falls with every quick breath. He looks like he's making a choice and Samira feels breathless with anticipation.

He makes the right one.

He takes a step towards her again, fast this time and fluid, like he's giving in to some sort of pull, letting it carry him close to her. "Fuck it," he says, raspy and exhilarated, like it's risky to step too close.

There's something hot and dark, low in Samira's gut, that roars to life at his words, and in the next second she darts forward too, meets him halfway.

It's fucking messy, to be honest.

She almost barrels him over entirely, their teeth clack together, but Samira's answering laugh gets swallowed by the groan Jack teases out of her with the way his arms wrap around her, broad palms gripping flesh as proprietary as he had held her thigh only minutes ago.

His tongue is in her mouth, his hands are on her body, one of them too low on her back to be appropriate in any sense of the word, and

the only reason she doesn't grab it and push it lower is that she doesn't want to sacrifice the hold she has on him, one hand fisted in the collar of that stupid, too-tight gray shirt and the other carding none too softly through his curls.

Despite it, Samira needs him closer, feels like she's fucking starving with it, and the taste of him is intimate and warm, but it's not enough. Not enough by far.

She walks backwards blindly until she hits a wall with a soft sound, then uses all her strength to pull him into her.

Jack understands what she wants immediately.

He crowds closer, caging her in against the cool stone at her back, solid and warm. She pushes against him experimentally and an excited shiver runs down her back to spark between her legs at the realization that she *can't move him*. Not even an inch.

Jack is not that much taller, but he's firm and strong. She can feel the muscles shift under his shirt, loses the grip she has on it to trail a hand over his arm, *deltoid*, *triceps*, *biceps*, all the way over his extensors and to his hand.

Jack pauses with an audible hitch in his breath when she very unceremoniously picks up his hand and pushes it up towards her chest.

“Yeah?” he asks, just far enough for the words to not be muffled, but close enough for Samira to feel his breath ghost over her spit-slick lips.

“Yeah,” she confirms, sounding about as breathless and giddy as she feels. “Please,” she adds, because the few seconds they haven't been kissing and only one of his hands has been on her are already too much for her. She *wants* so much. Everything he can give her, she wants, so she leans back in and opens up for him again.

It's a sharp thing, that need. Red-hot, almost burning, and it has her heart stutter and stumble while she grows slick between her legs.

She lets out a whine when Jack finally puts his hand on her the way she wants him to. He cups her left tit, not unkindly but not too careful either, and swipes a thumb over her nipple that she just barely feels through the dress and her bra. God, they're wearing way too many clothes.

He groans against her mouth, like she's hit him squarely in the solar plexus, despite the fact that he's fondling her— not the other way around. And isn't that an idea?

Samira can't push him away, true, but what she can do is deftly snake her hands down his back and into the back pockets of his jeans to pull his hips flush with hers.

“Oh, shit,” she says, a breathless exclamation that's almost a whimper.

Because he's hard in his jeans and she can feel him like this, right there, warm and thick. Abruptly, she feels empty, clenching down around nothing.

Jack makes a punched-out sound, presses impossibly closer, and when she experimentally rolls her hips against his, he lets her hear him. “Yeah, baby,” he says against her jaw, nosing his way down her neck to leave warm and sharp little kisses along the bared column of her throat. “Just like that.”

“Jack, please,” she says, not really sure what exactly she's asking for.

“I got you,” Jack presses into her skin. “I got you, Samira, I—” He breaks off with a groan as she grinds against him, even pressure on his dick.

“Fuck,” he breathes. “Let me.” He gets a hand between the brick wall and her ass, grabs, and pulls her into a frantic, graceless rhythm that has Samira whining.

Now that he's pressed against her front, chest to thigh, she pulls a hand back up to bury it in his curls and to guide him lower. He takes direction well, easily moving down to suck a bruise into the space right below her collarbone before he moves his hand from her tits to push the strap of her dress down over her shoulder so he can bare more of her cleavage to him.

Samira shudders as he leaves wet kisses all over her breasts, not pulling her bra down, just pushing it out of his way with a “Let me see you, I want— need to see you,” when it interferes with the invisible path he's tracing over her skin. She can almost feel her pulse beat in the dark bruise she knows he's leaving on her right tit, close to her sweat-damp sternum and she tries to press closer, tries to—

She shifts slightly to the left and moans because he's pressing against her perfectly like that, the hard line of his dick putting pressure on her

clit every time they meet in the middle. It sparks up her spine and Samira realizes suddenly that she's going to come like this, rutting against him in a deserted alley, while he's tasting the soft skin of her chest.

She tells him— as well as she can with how much her mind has zeroed in on the pleasure that's rising up in her.

“Yeah? Good,” Jack groans, sounding very satisfied. “Come on, you can do it. I know you can.”

His encouragement goes straight to her core and it's a slow orgasm, but not a gentle one that crashes over her in dark-bright waves of pleasure. She lets out a high, choked-off noise, and Jack surges upwards to steal it off her lips, catching her in a messy kiss as she shudders apart under him. “Just like that,” he mumbles, “You did so good, just like that.” He guides her through the aftershocks, keeps the rhythm that carried her over the edge, and lets her try to catch her breath.

When she finally has won the capacity for speech back, she chooses to kiss him again instead and revel in the languid pleasure that's still flowing through her and the way his hard-on is still pressing against her.

“I want you to fuck me,” she says against his lips, in a whisper because this is meant for him and only him. She doesn't mention how much she actually *needs* him to, just how wet she can feel she's gotten. Her pulse is still beating a staccato between her legs.

Jack pulls back to look at her and it offers Samira the chance to do the same.

He looks like he's high.

A flush on his cheeks and over his neck that she would love to follow down his chest, blown-out pupils, and reddened lips.

“You can't say shit like that,” he rasps, “While looking like that and expect me to behave myself.” He sounds strained, like it hurts to see the way she's looking at him.

“Who said anything about behaving?” Samira asks, scratching her nails through his hair just to see him shiver in response. “I mean it,” she adds, because she does, and it's fucking embarrassing because she *knows* Jack can hear the bare fucking need in her voice.

He considers her for a beat, then says, "I have a condom."

"You... what? Why?" Samira expected that she'd have to wait to get to his place or hers, she doesn't really care, but this? This is way better.

Jack shrugs, looking slightly sheepish for a moment. "I like to be prepared," he says with something that's a bit too suggestive to be a smile and not a smirk.

Samira opens her mouth, thoughts stuttering, "You— But—"

Jack cuts her off. "How about you just be grateful, huh, sweetheart?"

And, *oh*, she did not know how that would feel. How that mean little glint in his eyes and the suddenly possessive way he's caging her in would send a flare of arousal right to the core of her.

"Yes," she says somewhat helplessly at the turn of events, "Okay."

Jack smiles at her. "Thank you," he says and before Samira can question her sanity about *that*, he lifts both his hands to cradle her face and pulls her into a deep kiss. She grabs his wrists, not to pull him away, just to feel the strength with which he's tilting her head towards him.

"Okay, come on," Samira breathes, impatient now that she knows that she's getting what she wants— that Jack will give her exactly what she wants. She drops her hands to undo his belt and huffs, annoyed, when she doesn't manage immediately.

"Bit to the left," Jack comments in a very familiar tone and Samira pauses.

She narrows her eyes at him. "Are you mentoring me right now?"

"No," Jack lies.

"Right," Samira says, finally getting his belt unbuckled and out of the way. "Maybe don't while I'm trying to get a hand on your dick."

Jack opens his mouth to say something, but Samira gets a hand inside his boxers before he can, and he twitches towards her with a stutter off his hips and a low gasp.

She allows herself a private smile as she wraps a hand around him, enjoying the warmth he gives off with the knowledge that she's going

to feel it inside her soon enough.

She pushes down his boxers and jeans low enough to free his dick and gets a good look at it while she's at it. He really is very hard and just thick enough that she knows she can take him while also feeling that stretch she likes as her body forces itself to adjust to him.

"Samira," Jack chokes out, eyes closed like he's trying to control himself. "You're killing me here, baby."

She hums, strokes him slow and firm. "I like that."

"What?"

"Baby," she says. "I like it."

"Yeah, baby?" Jack asks and the gravel in his voice chases a shiver down her spine.

"Yes," she confirms, and then, because she really is going to lose it if he doesn't at least put his hands on her again properly and because she has an idea of what it's going to do to him, she says, "Please, fuck me, Jack."

His hips jerk again. "Oh, come on, you don't play fair," he complains.

Samira pulls her hands away, absently presses the heel of one palm between her legs because, fuck, she's wired.

"I don't care," she tells him honestly, then watches him as he tears his gaze from her and finally—fucking finally—gets the condom out of his wallet.

He flashes it to her, a silent question on his handsome face, and she leans forward to kiss him again just because she wants to.

"Yes?" he asks when they pull apart, the tip of his dick pressing into her stomach.

Samira nods, feeling shivery and warm. "Yes, please."

She watches him rip open the foil packet and roll the condom over himself and bites her lip at the sight before her. Messy-haired and flushed, but fully dressed except for his hastily pushed-down jeans and boxers, hard cock jutting out from the cradle of his hips. It looks obscene, but most of all it's fucking hot, and she's going to lose what remains of her sanity if he doesn't get a move on soon.

Jack looks up at her and catches the almost feral way she's eyeing him. "Turn around for me, baby."

She hesitates, wanting to be able to see and kiss him.

"Trust me," he says. "Turn around."

This time she listens.

Jack crowds in close again immediately, a solid line of heat down her back. One of his hands appears in her line of vision, broad palm flat against the cool stone, while his other strokes softly through her hair. Then he guides her cheek to rest on the back of his palm.

"Not gonna let you get scraped up," he mumbles into her ear and something squeezes in Samira's chest at that.

She reaches behind her, manages to find purchase on his low-slung jeans, and pulls him closer. "Come on," she goads with a whine.

"You're not this impatient normally," Jack comments, which is so not helpful.

Samira lets out an annoyed noise. "Stop talking and fuck me for Christ's sake," she snaps.

Jack presses his answering laugh into the skin of her neck. "Yes, ma'am. I'll get right to it."

"Why are you still talking?"

"Sorry, sorry," he says, not sounding all that sorry.

But at least he does lower a hand to the hem of her dress.

He rucks it up, then steps close enough to keep it pinned between their bodies. It has to be a bit of an awkward fit for him to get his hand between her legs, but then he's softly tracing his fingers over her pussy, the touch electrifying even through her soaked underwear.

"Oh," Jack says, pressing a bit harder like he's making sure she really is as wet as it feels, and Samira shudders through a low moan.

"I'm sorry for making you wait," he says, sweet and gentle, very unlike the impolite way he's *still* not doing more than teasing her. "But I got you now," he says.

“Then fucking do something,” Samira whines, trailing off in a gasp when he does.

He pushes her soaked panties to the side, doesn't even bother to try to take them off, just makes space to draw two of his fingers through her folds. “Fuck, you're so wet,” he whispers, placing a kiss just under her ear, and Samira shivers.

He blindly finds her clit, circles it carefully, trying to figure out how much pressure and friction she can handle and Samira twitches in his hold when he gets it just right. She can feel his smirk against the sensitive skin of her neck.

Then he travels back down and starts to push the tip of his index finger into her carefully. He realizes quickly that she can easily take that and more and adjusts his course.

“Oh, fuck,” Samira gasps as he pushes in both his index and middle finger, one hand still awkwardly fisted in Jack's jeans, the other on the brick wall.

“God, you're doing so well,” he says, sounding ruined.

Jack has thick fingers, she knows, and, God, can she feel it. He curls them not unkindly but firmly, draws them out then pushes them back in faster. Samira had hoped he'd be good at this and she's ecstatic to be proven right, because he's *really* good at this.

Jack easily builds up a rhythm and Samira allows herself to sink into it for a while, head lolling back on his shoulder, as he stokes the fire that's slowly growing brighter and hotter in her gut. “Yeah, just like that. I got you, I'll hold you,” he promises. “You can let go.”

“Jack,” she whimpers, pushing back against him to feel his dick nestled against the cleft of her ass. “Please.”

She's beyond anything more coherent than that, but Jack understands. He pulls his fingers out with a gentle noise. “So good, so perfect.”

Then he draws back a bit, and she's already moving to complain when she realizes that he's simply lining himself up properly, the blunt head of his dick pressing against her until he gets the angle right.

He pushes in steady and fast, like he hadn't expected her to take him so easily, to open up for him so readily.

But she does, reveling in the smooth stretch and fullness that comes with him.

When his pelvis is flush with her ass, he pauses for a moment, his forehead dropping to rest against the back of her head. "Samira, fuck," he says, voice trembling, and she can only nod and try to respond in kind.

"I know," she breathes, "I know."

He wraps his free arm around her, spanning over her chest, and she gladly holds onto him.

"Move. Come on, Jack, move," she tells him and it's only when he does, pulling back as far as he allows himself to go before pushing all the way back in, that she realizes that she can hear his belt clink and feel the rough material of his jeans against the soft skin of her thighs. She's going to be chafed and red tomorrow, and something about that makes a bright spark of arousal thrum through her.

"Harder," Samira tells him, breathless and almost drunk off the way he feels inside her, like two pieces of one whole slotting together.

Jack complies easily and she's very thankful his hand is protecting her face, because when she said harder, Jack took it to heart. His thrusts are strong and even, sending pulses of pleasure through her again and again and again.

"Baby?" he asks, as breathless as she feels.

Samira makes a vague noise, heart stumbling as he bottoms out again *just right*, hitting that spot inside her that makes goosebumps erupt all over her body as she cycles through feeling hot and cold then hot again.

"Can you do something for me, Samira?"

She nods.

"Put a hand on yourself for me, please," Jack asks and it's the easiest thing she's ever done.

Her fingers effortlessly find her clit and she lets out a long moan when she falls into the right rhythm.

"Tomorrow," Jack says, voice gravelly and trembling. "I'm going to

spread you out on my sheets, and then I want to taste you.”

Samira nods frantically. “Please, please, please,” she whimpers.

“Faster? Harder?” Jack asks. “Anything you want, I’ll give it to you, baby. I promise.”

“No, fuck, just like this,” Samira gasps. “Just— Hold me like this, I’m gonna—”

“You gonna come?” Jack asks and she nods.

His hand wanders up towards her throat and then he’s firmly tilting her head back.

“Let me see. I wanna see what I’m doing to you,” he says and when he does, he groans. “Fuck, Samira, you’re beautiful, you’re perfect.” And that’s what does it.

Samira shudders in his grip as her second orgasm burns through her like wildfire, carving out space for all the white-hot pleasure Jack deep in her and her fingers dancing over her clit send through her.

She clenches down around him in waves, again and again, and it’s not long before he follows her over the edge with a groan and a whispered litany of, “Good, you did so well, you’re so good.”

Samira can *feel* him pulse inside her as he comes and that has never happened before, but she wants it to happen again. Fuck, she still wants so much from him— wants *him* so much it sends another ripple of arousal through her.

Jack lets her head go, careful to make sure his other hand is still there to catch her. He’s scattering more kisses along her nape, the arch of her shoulder, as far as he can reach. “Fuck, Samira,” he says and he sounds almost incredulous.

She can’t stop the quiet laugh that makes its way over her lips. “That was really good,” she says, absolutely giddy with it.

Jack huffs. “Yes, it fucking was,” he confirms.

“We have to do that again,” Samira says without thinking, then freezes when she registers what she just said.

But Jack just nods, not faltering for even a second. “Like I said,” he says. “I want you to ride my face.”

Samira sputters, deliberately ignoring the *interest* that zings through her at his words. “What— That’s— That is not what you said!”

Jack laughs. “It’s what I meant, though,” he hums, then gently pulls out, carefully making sure that she’s not going to just slide to the ground in a boneless heap, which is actually very much appreciated because Samira can’t confidently say she wouldn’t.

He uses the hand that was protecting her face from the rough stone to guide her into turning around. His eyes roam her face, her still-heaving chest, her rumpled dress— the mess he made of her.

He doesn’t look any more put together himself. Mostly because his dick is still very much out.

“You good?” he asks her, eyes warm and attentive.

Samira softens, feeling seen and very cared for. “Yes,” she tells him. “How’s your back doing?”

“Wow,” Jack says. “Low blow.”

Samira just shrugs and leans in to kiss the mock-offended look off his face.

Jack meets her eagerly, but the kiss itself is slow and almost chaste.

When she pulls back after a while, Jack is gazing at her with a gentle smile, almost dreamily. “Hi,” he says and she can’t help but break out into an answering grin.

“Hi, yourself.”

Jack’s smile turns into a crooked grin. “Wanna get outta here?”

She laughs. “Yes, let’s do that.” She steps closer. “But first—” She reaches out and deftly removes the condom, Jack hissing from the slight overstimulation, then tucks his softening dick back into his boxers. Finally, she pulls up his jeans, managing to get the belt closed on the first try.

“Fast learner,” Jack comments and she fixes him with a glare.

Unceremoniously stuffing the used condom in his pocket, which he lets happen without protest, she says in warning, “Don’t.”

Jack raises his hands, like he’s completely innocent in all this.

Samira rolls her eyes, fixing the strap of her dress under Jack's heavy gaze. "Take me home, Jack," she says.

"With pleasure," Jack shoots back and there's something very tender in the way he holds out his hand for her to take for the second time this evening.

Samira takes his hand again.

End Notes

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